

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 9, 1874.

Number 37.

FILIAL LOVE.

A Drama of the Fourteenth Century.

WRITTEN FOR THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHLEAN SOCIETY,
BY THE REV. A. LEMONNIER, C. S. C., DIRECTOR.

ACT THIRD—SCENE II.

The same.

(Enter GUSMAN, in a shuffling manner.)

GUSMAN. Stay! stay, a moment, sporting pages. Softly! softly! Your noise disturbs the whole household, and you deserve a severe rebuke.

GENSANO. The occasion calls for some latitude, good Gusman. We were making merry with our new companion. He is a brave lad, and his address bespeaks a generous and gracious welcome on our part.

GUSMAN. Verily you have frightened him with your clatter and bawling. What! such nonsense as this to make him merry!

AMITUS. We sang of war, dear Gusman.

GUSMAN. Bah! you! A stripling babbling of battles!

SERVILIUS. Indeed the stranger is well drilled in our games; you will find him a true knight.

GUSMAN. A treasure trove, I declare! He little compares with you then.

GENSANO. Gusman! you are severe. You taught us to be gentle. In what have we displeased you?

BELLAROSA. Pray do not blame them, kind sir; it was all on my account, and I am the offender.

GUSMAN. I must scold those pages, who think of nothing but rough sports—who forsake everything for arrow-shooting, and care naught for Gusman's instruction.

GENSANO. We! pray, dear preceptor, do not think so hardly of us. (They grow sad.)

GUSMAN. Well, well, think no more of it. In faith I was but jesting; furthermore, I bring you good news—for this morning, at least, you will not abandon me.

SERVILIUS. What has happened, dear Gusman?

GUSMAN. The clarion which you have just heard is the call of the Duke's guards. The Court is about to assemble; heralds have been sent in all directions; the barons, knights and squires are all summoned to the palace.

ALL. A State assembly!

AMITUS. And for what purpose?

GUSMAN. No one knows; the Duke is exceedingly grave.

SERVILIUS. Why is this—has his victory thus depressed his mind?

GUSMAN. I know not. He holds long consultations with his chancellor, and seems as dejected as if he had lost half his dukedom. (BELLAROSA grows pensive.)

BELLAROSA (aside.) This concerns me. My heart beats at the thought, and yet—I am weighed down with apprehension.

GUSMAN. The Duke, so the story runs, made a vow before the battle (*they gather around GUSMAN*)—a strange vow, which, it appears, in spite of his victory, leaves him none the better off than he was before.

ALL (except BELLAROSA.) How is that?

GUSMAN. Indeed I cannot tell—I give you the vague report as I heard it. No doubt we shall learn more of it when the assembly opens.

GENSANO. Perhaps he vowed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

AMITUS. Or to rebuild the dome of Mantua.

BELLAROSA. No, no; the Duke made no vow, as you imagine. In his distress before the battle, he only made a promise—a mere promise.

GUSMAN. What! And do you know anything of it? A promise?

BELLAROSA. Yes, and pledged his ducal honor to fulfil it. (*Moves around passionately.*) It was a rash promise; and no doubt he now regrets it, for thereby he forfeited—it will perhaps grieve you to hear it?

GENSANO. Tell us! tell us! he forfeited, you say—

BELLAROSA. His finest estates.

ALL. Good heavens!

GUSMAN. In good sooth say you so?

GENSANO. Trust me, if this be so, the Duke will keep his word, for he is a man of honor.—But how did you learn this?

(Enter LA ROVERE.)

LA ROVERE. The Duke bids the Court assemble in the great hall. His Excellency is waiting impatiently. (*Exit.*)

GUSMAN. Verily I had forgotten! we shall be late! Come, pages.

PAGES. Let us be off at once.

SERVILIUS. We cannot meet the Court in this array.

(*They lay by their bows, etc.*)

GENSANO. Sleep there, ye implements of battle; we go to more harmless encounter. (*Exeunt all but BELLAROSA.*)

BELLAROSA. The Duke now regrets the gift of his fine cities and princely domains, so rashly promised—to me, a poor lad of the mountains, raised on the hard fare of huntsmen. Were I a prince he might plead that as an excuse—but I, a peasant boy, should have staked my life unrewarded, or should free him from his princely obligation! I would absolve him, were it not for my father. It was for my father I undertook the perilous journey,—for him I fought for power and glory. Had I fallen under the arrows of the enemy, he would have lost all—his only son. But I triumphed, and the prize is mine—or rather my father's, for whom I won it. Yet how is it mine or his! I must disown him, said the Duke, while I remain at Court. *Not own my father!* He thinks it a snare, perhaps, into which I am sure to fall. Ha, ha! as if my father were a courtier, or would ever be seen in the palace! No fear of that. His blessed eyes will never gaze upon these splendors, and I shall not be tempted to forget or to pass by unrecognized him for whom I would rather die than disown. No, no! to see him, I shall need to quit the palace and seek our mountain cot; where no courtier's eyes, no ducal commands can avail to separate us. But I have delayed too long. They are awaiting me—to give me a crown, ha, ha! a crown! Yes, if I disown—what nonsense!—there is no danger I shall see my father!—I risk nothing

(Goes,—sad, but trying to appear merry.)

SCENE III.

Ducal Hall.

(Enter Marshal, Officers, Courtiers, and others.)

MARSHAL. (Aloud.) Make way for the Duke. (*They all follow, moving in two lines on each side of the throne.*)

LABRISSE. My lords, what think ye? does not his grace seem troubled with some secret care?

GONTRAND. (In a confident tone.) The greater the conquest the greater the ambition. The Duke, no doubt, meditates some new scheme to wrest still fairer provinces from his rivals.

LAFERE. I trust not; new conquests would only weaken our distracted States: discords and jealousies are but too often the result of these rapid victories.

ALBRANTIN. Aye, and oftentimes dukes and kings are played sad tricks by fortune, losing in one hour the fruits of many hard-fought campaigns.

LABRISSE. Bah! Little you know the Duke if you imagine that such thoughts disturb his mind. Marry, the Duke never thinks but of pleasure and mirthful sports. To plan conquests and secure victories, as you well know, is not his forte—except indeed in the festive hall, when toasts are given by his knights; yea, then indeed over many a prostrate foe he wins the victory. But to-day, plague on my stupid brain, I know not from what he suffers—some unknown sorrow oppresses him.

(Enter DUKE, in a thoughtful mood, followed by pages.)
GONTRAND. Ah! here he comes—I like not to see him in this mood.

DUKE. (Saluting, and smiling sadly.) Good morning to you all, fair cousins. (All bow.)

LABRISSE. Hail to your Excellency!

DUKE. Pray be silent and give me your kind attention, for I have matter of the utmost importance to communicate to you. It is indeed time, my lords, that I disclose to you a burdensome secret that has but too long oppressed my mind. I need not recount to you our wonderful triumph. From the verge of ruin you have seen our State regain a position of the greatest power and prosperity. But you do not know that, when all seemed lost, a *Providential interposition*—mark ye!—an unknown cause you called it—changed almost certain disaster into complete success. To me, thus far, the secret of our enemies' overthrow has been known (*they listen more eagerly*); but it is time that I unburden my soul to you, and apprise you of an event which, amidst all our rejoicing, will cause you much grief.

LABRISSE. Verily the Duke becomes mysterious; I cannot guess his drift.

GONTRAND. Trust us, my lord Duke; we shall not fail in our duty.

DUKE. Yes, you were ever true to me, and you will not disapprove of my conduct when you learn my motive. Know ye then, my noble lords, that all your conquests have been bartered away, pawned by your Duke.

GUSMAN. Good heavens! there it is!

ALL. What words are these! Treason! treason!

DUKE. Aye, aye, my lords, these words sound strange in your ears; nevertheless they are the truth. But ere you judge, listen to what I have to allege in my defence. You have not forgotten that on the eve of the battle which ended in such an unexpected triumph, we had given up all hope even of an honorable retreat. (*Sensation*.) We were surrounded, and all communication with our main army cut off. Three of my messengers had been already killed—in truth, we seemed doomed to slaughter on the morrow. (*Agitation*). In this extremity, as I walked alone at midnight, at a distance from my tent, waiting in vain for a last trusty messenger, who failed to come, I suddenly espied a youth whose martial bearing on the rocks above me struck me with surprise. A glimpse of hope flashed on my mind. I called to him, and thinking it then a futile promise, I made over to him, on my word of honor, all the conquests dependent on an unexpired for victory (*agitation*).

GONTRAND. (Hist! listen, listen.)

DUKE provided he on his part would bear a message through the enemy's lines. The youth was fortunate; the message was delivered—and you know the rest.

LABRISSE. But, my lord Duke,—

GONTRAND. Is the youth so bold as to insist—

LAFERE. Does he dare? And, my lord, would you yield?

DUKE (*aside*). Will they revolt? (*Aloud*.) My word is pledged, my lords. The youth's boldness changes not the case—were he a babe, my word should be none the less sacred. But yesterday you considered it so, my lords.

HERMAN. What is to be done? Shall we make no protest! (*All much agitated*.)

LABRISSE. A most embarrassing case—puts us all in a most ridiculous predicament—still, it is better to suppress our anger, at least for a time.

HERMAN. Can such a promise be binding when the nation's glory is at stake?

LAFERE. Could not a strategem—

Voices. Yes, yes, we cannot submit to this presumption.
DUKE (*passionately*). Would you dare?—(*comes down in*

front.) I play truant to my word! No, no! No device, how shrewd soever, could free me from a pledge, great or small. You all know that a knight's word admits of no subterfuge. (*Aside, walking up and down*.) Good heavens, and they dare threaten me! (*Bugle sounds*.) Ah! my archers! I am safe. (*Aloud*.) My lords, I shall keep my promise. (*Goes up to the throne*.)

LAFERE. The bugle sound reassures him; the archers are at hand.

HERMAN. Now he is inflexible—resistance on our part would be folly.

DUKE. (*Aside*.) My archers are in good time: there was treason brewing. (*Aloud*.) My lords, I've said it.

(Enter Archers, TRISTAN, THEODEBERT, BOIS ROBERT, etc. The Captain places himself near the Duke, the rest range themselves in the rear. THEODEBERT and BOIS ROBERT come to the front.)

TRISTAN. Here we are, my lord, ever watchful and ready.

LABRISSE. (*to lords*). I tremble with rage when I think of the outrage! This youth's blood shall wash out our disgrace. But we must disguise our sentiments.

GONTRAND. Yes, let us conceal our feelings for the time—but where is the fortunate youth?

LAFERE. Could it be the young minstrel? Indeed I think it likely.

DUKE. The boy will be introduced to you, for I intend to present him to the Court presently. His is a gentle character; and, to my own confusion, I must declare that no one ever lived more obedient to his father's wishes.

LABRISE. His father! (*Aside*). Humph! His father may be here; now prudence again is my motto.

LAFERE. May we know his lineage, my prince?

DUKE. I have it from the youth's own lips that his father fought with our guards during the fray. He is an archer of great valor, though no nobleman. This is why you will never know him within these precincts.

LABRISSE. How so, my illustrious prince? the son estranged from his father!

DUKE. Even so, my lords. On this condition alone can the youth claim the benefit of my rash promise. I reserved this, which he accepted—rashly too, methinks, for he seems a youth of much kindness of heart.

GONTRAND. And the condition was—

DUKE. That he should never own his father in this Court.

GONTRAND. 'Tis a blasphemous promise.

LABRISSE. The unnatural wretch!

LAFERE. 'Tis infamous!

LABRISSE. My lord Duke, such perfidy will destroy all sense of filial love throughout the dukedom.

DUKE. (*thoughtful*.) I never thought of this! Indeed you speak but too truly; it was certainly wrong in me to tempt him so severely—yet what can be done?

LABRISSE. Something must be contrived—yes, I have it. (*Aside*.) This will mend all, and we shall be avenged.

ALBRANTIN. Whatever plan be devised, we must not wrong the youth. (*To LABRISSE*) Proceed, my lord—let the plot be but fair, and well contrived.

LABRISSE. I shall propose only what is just and honorable. Since he is to be a prince on condition, why not change the condition? surely this is fair.

ALL. Very fair, indeed. Proceed.

DUKE. Fair, if honest—but your condition?

LABRISSE. The very reverse of the former. Once a prince, should he disown his parent, let him forfeit all, even his life, in punishment of filial ingratitude. If, on the contrary, he proves a true son, forsakes his exalted state for love of his humble sire, then let him be proclaimed a model prince, as well as a worthy son.

COURTIERS. The plan is not bad.

LAFERE. Very ingenious.

DUKE. I approve the scheme—it will serve the better to prove his virtue. Well contrived, I declare! (*Aside*) It satisfies my courtiers, and I shall know how to protect the youth. I breathe freely, my honor is now safe.

LABRISSE. (*to courtiers*). Of this stratagem let no one inform the youth.

ALL. Not one! We swear it!

DUKE. It is understood. Yet that my promise may stand good, let him be received as a prince. Here he comes.

(All bow respectfully as BELLAROSA, enters, preceded by soldiers and pages, the DUKE looking on. BELLAROSA approaches the DUKE and kisses his hand.)

THEODEBERT. (to Bois ROBERT). What power there is in a name! A prince's advent casts its spell over the whole court.

Bois ROBERT. A thrill of admiration has passed through every courtier's heart.

DUKE. Welcome, illustrious youth, welcome to our royal Court. (BELLAROSA on throne). Behold we have assembled in our great hall, to receive you as befits your dignity. (To Courtiers). My lords, behold the savior of the State, and the winner of our victory! (All bow).

LABRISSE. Noble youth, your fame has preceded you here. You have won an imperishable name, which no honors, however great, can fitly adorn. (Aside.) We must flatter him. (Movements among the Archers: THEODEBERT looks on intently.)

PAGES. He a prince! a real prince!

BELLAROSA. I am overwhelmed with this unspeakable honor. May your gracious welcome, my lords, prompt me to virtuous and heroic actions. Pardon this feeble expression of my feelings—I am bewildered by this unwonted splendor and pageantry.

DUKE. It is what will daily greet your vision; for henceforth you are a royal prince, on whom half the realm depends. (BELLAROSA pensive.)

THEODEBERT. (to Bois ROBERT.) Bois Robert! Bois Robert! tell me who is this? (Bois ROBERT looks around inquiringly.)

BELLAROSA. (in a reverie.) Half the realm!

Bois ROBERT. (to THEODEBERT.) Who do you mean? the prince? Looks at BELLAROSA.)

DUKE. All our conquests are yours—and they would befit an emperor. (BELLAROSA still lost in thought.)

THEODEBERT. Is it not Bellarosa? my boy?

Bois ROBERT. His look, his voice, are wonderfully like—but no, no!—it could not be.

BELLAROSA. And the condition: I must not recognize—in this palace—

THEODEBERT. Hearest thou what he says?—listen.

DUKE. As agreed upon. (Aside.) Now Heaven help him!

LABRISSE (to Courtiers.) What will he do?

GONTRAND. If he is a true son, he will refuse the tempting bait.

BELLAROSA. (Aside.) If I refuse the condition I reject all; I become Bellarosa once more, a poor wanderer on the mountain, without a shelter or a friend. O my father, what shall I do? Why not accept? There is nothing risked. My father shall never know of this bitter trial, and I shall make him forever happy and great. (Aloud.) I accept the condition, my lord Duke.

DUKE. Then, my lords, behold your prince, our future heir, to whom henceforth you must pledge knightly allegiance.

LODGS. (With raised swords.) So help us God.

DUKE. And you, my trusty archers, you answer for his life on your own?

ARCHERS. (With raised hands.) We swear it.

(THEODEBERT alone fails to raise his hand.)

LABRISSE. (Coming from the throne). Didst thou not hear the order of the Duke? Swear allegiance to the prince.

THEODEBERT. I swore it long ere this, my lord (raises his hand):

BELLAROSA (in amazement) Great God, it is my father! (Curtain drops.)

[End of Third Act.]

De Cultu Terpsichores.

Fairest of the Nine,—I have already made thy mysteries more times than one my theme,—again inspire me!

The last of April's Tuesdays was drawing to a close. Lights shone from the windows of an upper apartment in

a building adjoining the College—an apartment usually sacred to the memory of the Father of his Country—but for this evening to be converted into the temple of Terpsichore. Washington seemed to pout as the canvass adorned by his effigy was rolled up out of sight. To tell the truth, he never appears very cheerful, but perhaps that is not his fault.

An injudicious—not to say idiotic—recorder of random remarks (who, by the way, wasn't there) has ventured to say there were no ladies present. Can those who were there forget the benign and beauteous figure that seemed the living impersonation of the divine Terpsichore herself, or her fair companion,—doubtless some Naiad of the Pierian spring? Truth compels us to state, however,—deplorable as the fact may be,—that they remained as “Gazers in the Distance,” and simply animated the festivities with the sunshine of their approbation, without actually intermingling in the giddy mazes of the dance.

From the *adyta* proceeded the Orpheonic strains of the Elbel brothers, while the hierophant, Prof. W. J. Ivers, proceeded to unveil the mysteries to those who were to be initiated—in short, to “call off” the figures of the dance. And what a comfort it is to have a quadrille well called off, and to be able to hear the calls! Dancing without ladies no doubt has its disadvantages, but you are at least spared the unbridled loquacity of the female tongue, which sometimes causes you to doubt whether the caller has suggested “Balance to Partners” or “Cash to Bills Receivable,” while your bewilderment—I was about to write bedevilment, but checked myself in time—sends you dashing off on a right and left *chassée* into the middle of a neighboring set, who are doing the grand right and left under a similar false impression, and with whom you get inextricably and hopelessly compromised for several seconds, until you finally return sweating and with utterly shattered nerves to your partner, whom you find looking indignant, with her nose in the upper regions of the atmosphere, as if it wasn't entirely her fault.

But, as I said before, nothing of this occurred on Tuesday evening. Young men are good-natured and attentive, if somewhat elephantine, partners. There was much really graceful dancing, not only among the old hands—I should say the old feet—although in the phrase “eight hands around,” it means—no; it doesn't, though. But as I was about to remark, the more recent pupils of Prof. Ivers showed a very creditable amount of agility, combined with perspicuity, propriety and precision, on the evening in question. Some, that have only taken lessons during the past winter, are remarkable for proficiency on the light fantastic.

The mind should not, however, be too exclusively devoted to dancing. We knew a young man once who had spent Saturday night in “calling off,” and naturally felt a little sleepy during the sermon on the following Sunday. As he had been an orphan for years, and the sermon was on the Duties of Children towards their Parents, let us not judge him too harshly. He woke up, however, during the *Credo*, (which, I believe, was one of Demonti's—at least it wasn't Plain Chant, by any means,) and startled the congregation by the remark: “First four right and left,” distinctly audible above the sole-stirring music of the choir.

This, I think, is about enough, Mr. Editor.

The Scholastic.

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TERMS:

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It gives us great pleasure to hear that Brother Vincent is going to accompany Very Rev. Father General on the Pilgrimage to Rome and Lourdes. More than thirty years ago Brother Vincent accompanied Father Sorin when he first came to America. It is a fitting tribute to the many virtues and long labors of Brother Vincent that he should now go with Father General to Rome and Lourdes. We are a thousand times more pleased at his going than if we were going ourselves, and we hope he will remember us at Lourdes and at the tomb of the Apostles.

Class Honors.

We cannot publish the Class Honors this week, as so many were absent from the meeting of the Faculty on Thursday that a just selection could not be made. I know that such absence, though much to be regretted, when it does occur, is in most cases unavoidable, and hence I would not be understood as blaming those who were absent on Thursday. Yet as it is very desirable that the regular weekly reports should not be interrupted; any Professor or teacher who foresees that he cannot be present at the regular meeting, will please hand to me on Wednesday evening or Thursday morning the names of such pupils of his as should be excluded from the list of Class Honors. This will obviate the difficulty and insure correctness in the reports. Class Honors for next week in the Preparatory Department.

M. B. B. BROWN, C. S. C., Director of Studies.

Our System of Graduation.

ADOPTED JUNE 10, 1873.

[We republish, for the information of our present Graduating Class, and of others interested, the system of Graduation adopted last year, and which will be strictly adhered to this year as well as last.]

It may be a matter of curiosity to some, and of deep interest to others, to know the system adopted by the several Faculties for determining the worthiness or unworthiness of candidates for Degrees, and for their gratification or instruction we give the following explanation:

First, in order that one may be recognized as a candidate, it must be known to the proper Faculty that he has pursued all the studies marked in the Course in which he purposed taking Degrees. This being ascertained to be the case, the following system is observed:

All the candidates for Degrees are examined in their several studies, both in writing and orally. For the Written Examination, the matter of which is assigned by the Director of Studies, they receive, in each study, from the

examiner, after a thorough investigation of their work, a certain percentage according to their merit. This percentage, together with the written compositions on which it was calculated, is placed in the hands of the Director of Studies, that he may, if thought advisable, review the work of each student and satisfy himself that the percentage was fairly given. For the Oral Examination, which takes place before the respective Faculties, a secretary keeps record of the number of questions proposed and the number correctly answered, from which he calculates the percentage to which the candidate is entitled in each branch of study. This is also placed in the hands of the Director of Studies, who then makes out the average percentage of each candidate for both Examinations.

The Examinations over, the Faculty assembles, when each Professor, without knowing the average percentage of any of the candidates, votes each of them, in each study in which he had him under instruction, that percentage of which he judges him worthy, from his knowledge of his ability and proficiency. This last percentage is then added to the two others and the average again taken. If the final average is 80 or above, the candidate is admitted for Degrees; if it is below 80 and above 75, the President has discretionary power to admit the candidate to Degrees, provided his superior proficiency in some special branch is judged sufficient to counterbalance his deficiency in others. If, however, the percentage falls below 75, the candidate is rejected till such time as he has made up for his deficiency. According to this system, it is believed that a more correct appreciation of the candidate's real merit may be formed than in any other way, and the student who receives his Degrees under this arrangement may feel satisfied that he has *won* them, and not obtained them by favor.

Alumni Meeting.

There will be a meeting of the resident Alumni, on Sunday evening, the 11th. inst., at 7½ o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

D. A. CLARKE, Sec'y.

Subscriptions to the New Tabernacle.

[CONTINUED]

Mr. John Pottmeyer.....	\$5 00
Mrs B. Berghoff, East Saginaw, Michigan.....	5 00

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Publications.

DIE KANZEL: EINE HOMILETISCHE MONATSCHRIFT. Zur Vereine mit Mehreren Priestern. Herausgegeben von Ludwig Gemminger. Achter Jahrgang. Fünfte Lieferung. Regensburg, New York & Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.

The May number of this excellent magazine contains an Instruction for the Sixth Sunday after Easter; a Sermon for Whit-Sunday, and one for Whit-Monday; a Sermon for Trinity Sunday; a Sermon for Corpus Christi, and one for the 2d Sunday after Pentecost; a Sermon for the Feast of the Most Sacred Heart of our Blessed Redeemer, one for the Feast of St. Antony of Padua, and one for the 3d Sunday after Pentecost. The Appendix contains a Short Instruction on May Devotions.

PETERS MUSICAL JOURNAL for May contains its usual

amount of popular music. J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York.

THE YOUNG CATHOLIC for May has many interesting stories for its little readers. The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren st, New York.

Roll of Honor.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1874.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

M. Allen, J. Andre, J. Brown, W. Ball, V. Baca, C. Berdel, C. Bowman, M. Bastarache, G. Cunnea, O. Corcoran, J. Caren, M. Caldwell, H. Cassidy, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, W. Clarke, T. Cashin, P. Cooney, E. Dunn, H. Dehner, F. Devoto, T. Dailey, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, B. Euans, M. Foley, J. Flaherty, J. Girard, T. Grier, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, E. Graves, C. Hess, A. Horne, J. Hogan, H. Hayes, R. Hutchings, D. Hinds, J. Handley, M. Jeffreys, J. Kennedy, M. Keeler, J. E. Kelly, P. Lilly, J. Luby, E. McCunniff, J. Mullen, J. Mathews, S. Marks, T. McDonough, B. McGinnis, T. McGinnis, M. McCullough, E. McSweeney, E. McLaughlin, P. McDonald, T. Murphy, E. Monohan, A. Mooney, D. Maloney, J. Ney, R. O'Connor, J. O'Brien, P. O'Meara, P. O'Mahony, T. O'Mahony, J. Ott, C. Proctor, J. F. Rudge, J. Rudge, G. Rudge, J. Rosinot, C. Ruger, F. Sweeger, L. Sanders, C. Spears, P. Skahill, S. Studebaker, J. Wolfe, H. Walker, C. Walter, L. Watson.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

B. J. Baca, J. F. Beegan, W. P. Breen, J. Buchanan, C. Campeau, A. Crunkilton, J. Cullen, J. Crummey, J. Cohen, J. Dalley, J. Doyle, J. Delvecchio, R. Downey, F. Ewing, J. Ewing, C. Freese, G. J. Gross, J. C. Golsen, E. Grambling, W. Green, C. Hake, S. Kennedy, J. Keilty, M. J. Kinsella, C. A. Lewes, B. Le Fevre, P. McBride, T. McNamara, J. Marks, P. Moran, C. Myers, W. S. Meyer, F. Miller, N. J. Mooney, C. Nichols, J. O'Connor, D. J. O'Connell, C. Peltier, H. Quan, E. L. Ratigan, W. Robinson, J. F. Soule, F. Stoppenbach, L. Smith, J. Smith, R. Sobey, T. Solon, F. Wittlesberger, J. E. Wood, D. Gorman.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

M. McAuliffe, J. O'Meara, E. Cleary, J. Blaine, F. Campeau, H. Canoll, A. West, T. Hooley, F. Carlin, L. Goldsmith, F. Shultz.

Letter from Austin, Texas,

We were hugely pleased at receiving a good long letter from Rev. Father Spillard, a portion of which we think will be almost as interesting to our readers as it was to us. We hope to hear from him often, and our hopes are well founded, for "Doc" has promised to write to us, and he always keeps his promises—which is saying a good deal for "Doc," more than we can say of some other friends who have a facility of forgetfulness that is really surprising. God speed you, my old friend, and bring you back soon with renewed and vigorous health.

Last Tuesday night, at 10 o'clock, we said "good-bye" to a few friends who were determined to see us off, and soon we were trying to convince ourselves that sleep was possible, nay quite probable, in a "Pullman," for anyone who had been up 'late and early' for some time previous, as you know we were; though tired enough, it was only after re-tiring (no pun intended,) that wearied nature's "sweet restorer" came to our relief, and soon we were in a peaceful, quiet sleep, wholly oblivious of everything.

And thus all seemed going on well, as far as we knew, when 'Rosy-fingered Morn' put her foot in it,—I mean

her finger,—by drawing aside the curtain of night and letting daylight in through our window-curtain, which intrusion woke us up, of course. An indenture in the ceiling of our berth and a corresponding one on our head was next in order, and was a stunning argument against a lesson which had been taught me long, long ago—viz: bounce out of bed the moment you awake. About this time Aurora or some other goddess might have seen us, but she didn't, rubbing our head, but in no way concerned about the truth or fallacy of the old saying; ours was a striking illustration of—if not a case in point against—this old "saw." We then cautiously pulled aside the window-curtain, calmly looked out on the lovely prairie, which we knew must be in Illinois; slowly and deliberately got out of our berth; carefully made our toilette, and, after our matutinal devotions, were ready for almost any emergency, even to the demolishing of a first-class breakfast, which emergency, I regretted sorely, did not arise. Soon Quincy was in view, and there for the first time we looked upon the great Mississippi. At Hannibal we crossed the river, which did not seem to us nearly as wide as at Quincy. We changed cars at Hannibal, and all day long we travelled through Missouri in a southwesterly direction, crossing the Missouri river at Booneville, passing on through Sedalia and Clinton, at which places Notre Dame has friends good and true.

During the night we passed through the southeastern corner of Kansas, and the morning dawned upon us in the Indian Territory. The "Indian Nation," as they call it, is a delightful country. Before crossing the Arkansas River at Fort Gibson, we witnessed a novel spectacle, at least it was so to us: five deer, about seventy-five or one hundred yards from the railway, running for a long way parallel with the track, striving to outrun the "iron horse." It seemed to us that they were nearly equal to the task, so rapidly did they skim over the prairie. On we went, crossed the Red River over into Texas, passing through Denison and Sherman, when night overtook us again, and morning found us near Hempstead, where, after a delay of a few hours, we took the train for Austin, where we arrived about seven o'clock p. m., Friday, bringing with us from the gloom of the past two days, a glorious gleam of sunshine.

And so we are in Austin at last, tired and hungry, to be sure, but at our journey's end,—our home for a time—the stage on which we are to act a part, to experience trials before we come, if we sustain our part well, to the triumph.

I must now come to a close, hoping at another time to tell you something of our beautiful city and our prospects here. My kindest regards to all my friends at Notre Dame and South Bend.

As ever, your friend,

D. J. S.

Circulating Library.

THE members of the "Students' Circulating Library" acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of books from the following gentlemen: Rev. Father Lemonnier, 3 vols.; Rev. Father Brown, 2 vols.; Rev. Father Frère, 2 vols.; Rev. Father Maher, 1 vol.; Br. Edward, 3 vols.; Br. Celestine, 1 vol.; Br. Alban, 1 vol.; Br. Marcellinus, 2 vols.; Br. Albert, "Minims' Library," 50 vols.; Prof. Baasen, several Pamphlets; Prof. Schnurrer, 10 vols.; Mr. W.

Allen, 1 vol.; Master A. Koch, 1 vol.; Master W. English, 2 vols.; Master D. Glickauf, 1 vol.

Persons having books for a longer period than two weeks will please return them to the Library. Many persons have thought themselves privileged to carry away books, even to a distance; such persons—especially those who borrowed volumes last vacation—will please return them.

J. F. EDWARDS, *Librarian.*

All Around.

WE had a May-King.
FISHING and hunting are all the rage.
BASE-BALL is not quite as lively as it was.
QUOIT-pitching has been revived by the Seniors.
HAND-BALL is lively every evening after supper.
THE stoves have been removed from the Church.
THE trees are beginning to put forth their leaves. About time.

THE Juniors have now a fine walk all around their playgrounds.

A mechanics' base-ball nine is spoken of. We hope to see a good one.

MR. BONNEY is doing a lively business. He takes very good tint-types.

STUDENTS are reviewing and studying up for the Examination.

FIRST fine day of May was Thursday; St. Mary's recreation day takes the palm.

N. S. MITCHELL and his charming young bride spent three days with us last week.

PROF. HOWARD's family was increased by twins last week. We offer the Professor our congratulations.

THE first linen coat was seen the other day. Wouldn't we laugh if that fellow who wore it would be caught in a snow-storm!

THE Minims enjoyed a feast of oranges not long since. They were the gift of Very Rev. Father General, who is ever mindful of his grateful Minims.

THE telegraph-poles between the College and the Novitiate, imbued with the spirit of Spring, are sprouting out and getting quite foliaceous.

A game of base-ball was played on Wednesday between the Star of the East and the Juanita Base-ball Clubs in which the latter came out victorious by a score of 53 to 32.

THE Thespians are beginning to plan for Commencement Day. They have not yet determined on any play, but it is thought, as they have been requested to do so, that they will reproduce "Waiting for the Verdict."

SOUTH BEND's city election took place last Tuesday; the Republicans elected their entire ticket with the exception of Mayor, City Judge, and one Councilman, who were chosen from the People's ticket.

THE Minims gave Father General a little reception on his return from Texas. They invited him over to their study-hall, where they read an address of welcome to him and also wishing him a pleasant tour to Europe.

A *lapsus linguae* is often the cause of much merriment in society. Not long since we had an exemplification of this, when a young gentleman very much excited in conversation, applied the epithet "My dear" where it might have resulted quite seriously. It was a good joke anyhow.

A number of young locust trees have been planted in the

Juniors' yard. It is hoped that they will not experience rough treatment from the hands of the Juniors; a few years ago, when they had fine trees there, they were accustomed to play monkey and climb up into them, thereby killing them.

Will some of the little folks tell us what the following lines mean:

If **B** . mt put :

If **B** . putting :

Stand take to taking.
I you throw my

Alcomirozirepoulospilousitounitapignac.*

Indeed it was funny to see "Scientific" vaunting a few little words like "hypoblast," "splanchnopleure," "pleuroperitoneal," "thalammencephalon," etc.; they are no doubt Brobdignagians to him, but what will he think of the following, which we came across a few days ago? We advise him, though, not to read them before his dinner. Here they are:

"Anantachaturdasivratakatha." (Sanskrit work. See "Trübner's Literary Record.")

"Antipericata metana parbengedamphicribrationes. Toordiantum."—One of the books in the Library of St. Victor. Rabbelais, "Pantagruel," ii, 7.

"Batrachomyomachia" (Battle of the Frogs and Mice).—A Greek mock heroic.

"Jungfrauenzimmer durchschindesuchttoedtungsgegenverein. —(German.)

"Nitrophenenediamine."—(A dye of an intense red color.)

"Clunistaridysarchides."—(*Plautus.*)

"Honoricabilitudinitatibus."—Called the longest word in the English (?) language.

"Thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus."—SHAKESPEARE,—"Love's Labor's Lost," Vol. I.

"Don Juan Nepomuceno de Burioniagonatotorecagageazcoecha." An employé in the Finance Department, Madrid, 1867.

"Swapanchaksharimanamantrastrotra." (Sanskrit.)

We can imagine "Scientific" saying about this time—"Oh! give us a rest!" Well, here:

"Lepadotemachoselachogaleokranioleiphanodrimupotrimmatokichilepikossupophattoperisteralektruonoptegkephalokigkloopeciologoosiraobiaphetraganopterugon."—The longest word extant. (169 Greek letters and 77 syl.)—*Aristophanes*, "Ekklesia zousai."

Tell your printer, Mr. Editor, not to get excited.

LONGFELLOW COLUMBIANUS.

* The giantess.

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

A man at Bridgeport, Conn., has named his two canaries "Wheeler" and "Wilson," because neither of them is a "Singer." The only historical parallel for this case is offered by the old farmer who called his rooster Robinson, because Robinson Crusoe.

A HONOLULU paper says, in regard to our financial panic: "O' Kawainni no ka oioi inua o ke ku ana a hoopku he leo hoohole Americanui e ac aku in an ono kanaka, oia hoi na hoale me na hawaii e kamailio imna o na halawai la; na hooholia ia mea." There doesn't occur to us at present any objection to be offered to those views.

**Christmas Collection of 1873, for the
Orphan Asylum of the Diocese of
Fort Wayne.**

ADDITIONAL FOR 1872.

New Haven.....	\$ 54 79
Mullin's Mission.....	3 00

CHRISTMAS COLLECTION FOR 1873.

Fort Wayne, Cathedral.....	400 00
" " St. Mary's.....	221 35
Lafayette, St. Mary's.....	220 77
" " Sisters' School.....	40 00
" St. Boniface.....	203 00
Valparaiso.....	200 00
Logansport, St. Vincent's.....	165 00
Crawfordsville.....	152 50
Huntington.....	145 90
South Bend.....	111 50
St. John's, Lake Co.....	111 27
Michigan City.....	111 00
New Haven.....	107 76
Mishawaka.....	94 15
Peru.....	81 03
Logansport, St. Joseph's.....	75 45
Fort Wayne, St. Paul's.....	75 00
Anderson.....	67 00
Decatur.....	65 00
Laporte, St. Joseph's.....	63 30
Plymouth.....	62 22
Laporte, St. Peter's.....	60 50
Union City.....	59 00
Elkhart.....	54 41
Arcola.....	50 00
Cedar Lake and West Creek.....	50 00
Fulton and Harrisson.....	50 00
Notre Dame.....	45 15
Avilla.....	43 60
Lowell.....	41 50
Wabash.....	40 00
Dyer.....	38 00
Hesse Cassel.....	36 00
Lagro.....	35 25
Forte Wayne, St. Peter's.....	35 17
Keatland.....	32 68
Columbia City.....	32 50
Crown Point.....	32 43
Oxford.....	31 35
Delphi.....	30 00
Besançon.....	29 00
Otys.....	26 30
Leo.....	24 00
St. Pierre and Missions.....	22 15
Kokomo.....	21 35
Girardot.....	17 50
St. Vincent's, Allen Co.....	17 30
Chesterton.....	17 00
Kendallville.....	16 40
Rensselaer.....	16 25
Monroeville.....	16 20
Bluffton Roads.....	15 00
St. Anthony's.....	15 07
Blee's Settlement.....	14 00
St. Catherine's, Whitley Co.....	12 80
Turkey Creek.....	12 65
Pierceton.....	12 60
St. Mary's Home.....	11 25
Roanoke.....	10 00
Marsfield.....	10 00
Rochester.....	7 50
Gilboa.....	6 84
Lake Station.....	3 45
Clarke's Hill.....	2 30
Colfax.....	1 60
Dispensations.....	85 00

PRIVATE DONATIONS.

Jesse N. Williams.....	50 00
N. N., Fort Wayne.....	50 00
Rev. E. P. Walters.....	25 00
Susan Schordon.....	25 00

Col. Sweeney.....	20 00
Robert Fleming.....	10 00
N. N., Mishawaka.....	4 50
John Conrad.....	1 00

A few congregations are yet back. It is also worthy of remark that many of the *private* donations are from non-Catholics.

We also take occasion to announce to the Rev. Clergy of our Diocese that we will leave on our pilgrimage to the Shrines of the Apostles the 10th inst., and that we have appointed during our absence Very Rev. Jos. Rademacher Administrator of the Diocese, with full powers, assisted by Rev. E. Koenig of Fort Wayne.

✠ JOSEPH DWENGER,
BISHOP OF FORTE WAYNE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, May 4, 1874.

The past week has been rich in pleasing events. The return of Mother Superior from Austin, Texas, where she has established a branch-house, the inauguration of the Month of May—and the May-Queen Festival—served to create a most joyous spirit.

The intellectual treat afforded by the admirable Lecture on "Philosophy," by Rev. Father Carrier, and the interesting Lecture on "Astronomy" by Prof. Howard, were highly appreciated. The Rev. lecturer has generously consented to give another Lecture at St. Mary's during this session.

The last number of the "Aurora" was highly complimented by Very Rev. Father General, who honored the editors by his presence at the reading on last Sunday.

The balloting for "May Queen," though conducted with great animation, was marked by a ladylike decorum that speaks well for the Christian refinement of the young voters. On counting the votes, Miss Margaret Walker, of Helena, Montana Territory, was found to be the choice of the majority. The announcement was hailed with demonstrations of general satisfaction.

The Juniors and Minims, in their respective departments, imitated the dignified Seniors. The ceremony of inauguration was performed with *éclat*. The Rev. Chaplain and Superiors of the House honored the occasion by their presence.

The royal personages and their Maids of Honor carried themselves quite regally. The following are the names of the Queens, and their attendants: Misses J. Walker, J. Kearney, N. McEwen, A. Roberts, A. St. Clair, R. McKeever and A. Garies, were Maids of Honor to Queen Margaret;

Miss Lilly Germain, Queen of the Juniors, had the following young maidens for her Court: Misses B. Wilson, L. Walsh, E. Richardson, M. Faxon, N. O'Meara, A. Koch, A. Walsh, K. Morehead and B. Barrie.

Little Miss Hughes had in her train the following little Minims: M. Ware, M. Hughes, M. Miers, E. Simpson.

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEP'T.

Misses L. Neil, M. Kearney, R. Devote, M. Brown, R. Spier, L. Black, N. Langdon, L. Dragoo, J. Walker, A. Clarke, N. Gross, L. West, A. Lloyd, M. Wicker, J. Kearney, L. Ritchie, V. Ball, L. Dent, M. Letourneau, E. Haggerly, J. Locke, K. Finley, A. Curtin, M. Walker, G. Walton, A. Keeline, N. Foote, M. Johnson, E. Denehey, E. Dougherty, R. Burke, L. Bradford, M. Quan, L. Pfleiffer, N. McEwen, M. Bell, L. Henrotin, E. O'Connor, L. Lilly, C. Miller, L. Johnson, K. Graham, M. O'Mahony, M. Ives, M. Klotz, M. Shiels, A. Garies, K. Engel.

JUNIOR DEP'T.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, M. Resch, M. Carlin, K. Hutchinson, K. Morehead, M. O'Connor, I. Fisk, B. Wilson, M. Reynolds, M. Walsh, L. Harrison, H. Hand, M. Summers, M. Ewing, E. Lang, M. Brown, M. Jackson, J. and M. Thompson, M. Hutchinson, N. O'Meara, M. Kaeseburg, M. A. Schulthies, J. Brown, A. Koch, A. Cullen, D. Allen, L. Germain, L. Walsh, E. Lappin, E. Schnoback, A. Goewey, G. Barry, S. West, M. Ware, E. Simpson, N. and I. Mann, C. and M. Hughes, E. McDougall, H. Mier, L. Walker, J. Keedy and J. Dee.

DRAWING.

1ST CLASS—Miss J. Walton.
2ND CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses A. Boser and M. Cummings.
2ND CLASS, 2ND DIV.—Misses M. Resch, L. Harrison, M. O'Connor, M. A. Schulthies and M. Ewing.
3RD CLASS—Misses G. Phillips, E. Ross, R. Neteler, A. Cullen and H. Jackson.

PAINTING.

WATER COLORS—2ND CLASS—Misses N. McEwen, B. Wade and N. McAuliffe.
2ND DIV. 2ND CLASS—Misses C. Sottrup, M. Kaeseberg and L. Ritchie.
3RD CLASS—Misses E. Sweeney, R. Klar and L. Henrotin.

OIL PAINTING.—1ST CLASS—Misses L. Black, B. Wade, A. Keeline, and L. Pfeiffer.

2ND CLASS—Misses M. Cumming and L. Arnold.

HONORABLY-MENTIONED IN VOCAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—Little West.
1ST CLASS, 2ND DIV.—N. Foote, E. O'Connor, C. Miller, E. Black, E. Haggerty, M. Quan.
2ND CLASS—M. Ives, J. Riopelle, J. Walker, and J. Kearney.
2ND DIV.—M. Kearney, J. Locke, A. Minton, A. Smith, M. Riley, N. Gross, E. Dougherty.
3RD CLASS—N. Huber, L. Arnold, A. Garies, A. Roberts, A. Keeline, L. Pfeiffer, J. Stimson, M. Cummings, H. Peak, M. Johnson.
2ND DIV.—M. Jackson, J. Brown, M. Klotz, — Netteler, S. and A. Sweeney.

[Honorable Mentions in French, German, Vocal and Instrumental Music Classes next week.]

Michigan Central Railroad

Time Table.

From and after March 1st, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

TRAIN EASTWARD.	
Night Express,	12.22 a.m.
Mail,	9.10 a.m.
Day Express,	11.50 a.m.
Accommodation,	7.35 p.m.
Way Freight,	8.00 a.m.

TRAIN WESTWARD.

TRAIN WESTWARD.	
Evening Express,	2.20 a.m.
Pacific Express,	5.10 a.m.
Accommodation,	6.50 a.m.
Mail	4.20 p.m.
Day Express	5.20 p.m.
Way Freight	1.45 p.m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

EASTWARD.	
Mail	9.15 a.m.
Three Rivers Accommodation	7.40 p.m.
Atlantic Express	9.00 p.m.
Way Freight	10.30 a.m.

WESTWARD.

WESTWARD.	
Three Rivers Accommodation—Arrive	6.45 a.m.
Mail	3.50 p.m.
Pacific Express	5.05 a.m.
Way Freight	5.05 p.m.

NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

LEAVE NILES.

9:20 a.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Chicago and Michigan City.

5:20 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Detroit and all stations on Main and Air Line.

7:35 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Kalamazoo, Chicago, and Three Rivers.

LEAVE SOUTH BEND.

6:30 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Kalamazoo Accommodation direct for Chicago. 11.00 a.m.—Connects at Niles with fast Day Express east over the main line. 6:15 p.m.—Connects at Niles with Atlantic Express, Kalamazoo and Three Rivers Accommodation.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent, CHICAGO.

Mar 14-tf.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, December 14, 1873, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

1.47	A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 9.50; Cleveland, 2.15 P. M.; Buffalo, 9.10 P. M.
10.10	A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main and Air Lines; Arrives at Toledo, 5.10 P. M.; Cleveland, 9.50 P. M.
11.58	A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.25; Cleveland, 9.40 P. M.; Buffalo 4.20 A. M.
9.09	P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.25 P. M.
3.45	P. M. (No. 70), Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

3.20	A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.25; Chicago 6.55 A. M.
5.20	A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 6.15; Chicago, 8.30 A. M.
6.34	P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 7.30; Chicago, 10 P. M.
5.45	P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte 6.40; Chicago, 9.00.
9.05	A. M. (No. 71), Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are *positively forbidden* to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.

J. H. PARSONS, Supt' Western Division, Chicago.

W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.

S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 9, and 71; East, Nos. 2 and 70. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 4) leaves Elkhart at 12.30 P. M., running through to Wabash. Through tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets, Insurance tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL
DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9.00 p.m. | Arrives at New York 11.30 a.m.*

2d train " " 5.15 p.m. | " " 6.41 a.m.*

3rd train " " 9.00 p.m. | " " 11.30 p.m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent, Pittsburgh.

D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

* Second day.

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:30 a.m. *8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 a.m. *4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:30 a.m. *4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation,	*4:10 p.m. *9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line,	*6:30 p.m. *4:30 p.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	*9:00 p.m. 17:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jackson- ville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 p.m. \$7:15 a.m.

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only. ‡ Except Saturday. || Daily. § Except Monday.

The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

JAMES CHARLTON, J. C. McMILLIN,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Gen'l Superintendent,
CHICAGO.

LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
Pass.....7.29 P. M.	Pass8.23 P.M.
Freight.....2.48 A. M.	Freight10.47 A.M.
Freight.....8.57 P. M.	Freight4.45 A.M.
Pass.....9.24 a. m.	Pass.....11.23 A.M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent